

The Evening World.

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TOO MISTAKEN TO BE ENFORCED.

THE day before this country goes under War Time Prohibition New Zealand counts its ballots on liquor licensing and finds it has rejected Prohibition by the vote of its soldiers. Reminding us again how crafty were the tactics of the Prohibition leaders in jamming an Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution of the United States while millions of Americans of voting age were defending that Constitution on the other side of the Atlantic and legislators could be bullied or cajoled into listening to nothing but the orders of the Anti-Saloon League lobby.

The War Time Prohibition that settles upon the Nation to-day is, of course, another matter. War Time Prohibition we owe to the pigheaded perverseness and dishonesty of a Congress that has refused to note the war was over seven months ago, making War Time Prohibition a preposterous and absurd anomaly.

The next few weeks will see the War Time Prohibition Law creating trouble and confusion because it is too obviously a mistake to be consistently enforced.

Just as later enforcement of Nation-wide Prohibition under the amendment will, if it is ever attempted, result in such an era of drug-taking and poison-drinking that after a few months a glass of clean liquor will appear a symbol of purity, honesty and health.

The court decides that the \$80,000,000 Jay Gould estate has been mismanaged. No unemployment ahead for the twenty lawyers in the case. The job has just begun.

GERMANY TO CONFISCATE BILLIONS.

THE reported German proposal to confiscate upward of \$22,000,000,000 of German private profits and property is highly interesting as indicating a possible German plan to wipe out Germany's obligations by heroic measures at the earliest moment and start over again.

"Impoverished but out of debt" has a psychological appeal the value of which the Germans may be quick to seize. It is not altogether clear how the confiscation is to be applied. The "war surrender of excess income" would hardly furnish any such amount as that contemplated. Nor would the sale of private property be practicable.

A simpler way would seem to be to charge off billions of marks that the German Government owes Germans and reckon them as so much toward meeting Germany's outer obligations. It would amount to repudiating internal debts in order the more quickly to pay off foreign ones.

The whole idea is a startling one which will be at once seized upon by those who have maintained that Germany could raise far heavier indemnities than those required of her and still regain in short order her financial footing.

Again the escape of the former German Crown Prince is reported. Under the circumstances why not request the Dutch Government to issue a daily bulletin establishing the whereabouts of its Hohenzollern guests?

AN EAR FOR LOYAL AMERICAN LABOR.

OF SPECIAL timeliness and interest is the series of interviews with Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, now appearing in The Evening World.

Never has the country been more impressed by the importance of labor problems or more ready to give the claims of labor thoughtful and sympathetic attention. Despite its ill-advised criticism of the courts, the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City immensely strengthened the cause of organized labor, as far as the attitude of the larger American public is concerned, by its uncompromising denunciation of Bolshevism and its support of the Peace Treaty and League of Nations.

The people of the United States were never more ready to listen to what labor has to say, and they the more gladly accept Mr. Gompers as labor's mouthpiece because they know he is bitterly hated just now by the ultra-radical elements that have been foiled in their scheme to capture the leadership of organized labor in America.

Some of Mr. Gompers' views may be received with strong dissent in many quarters. But they are at least the views of a loyal American speaking for loyal American workers who do not seek to gain their ends by overturning the Government under which they have so far prospered.

Bolshevist propaganda in the United States has had this effect: It has drawn organized labor and the rest of the country closer together in the mutual understanding of a strong, impregnable defense.

"There is only one thing to do—take over the State. Are the members of your local prepared to take over and conduct wisely and well the affairs of your town and county? Are you ready to meet the militia when the powers of the State and courts are against you?"

The Rand School authorities protest that the above should be interpreted only as part of the Socialist programme of "peaceful political action."

Then what's the militia doing in the picture? Just contributing color?

Letters From the People

Let Us Be Consistent.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The following is a thought of mine, which, if you deem worthy, I shall be glad to have you publish:
The Idiosyncrasy of the American Nation.
To-day we will celebrate the centennial of personal liberty!
On July 4 we will celebrate, for the hundred and forty-third time, American Independence, which is synonymous with all kinds of liberty, and may be sanctioned by the voice of the people (not the voice of the United States).

Can you beat it for inconsistency? Yours very truly,
JOHN C. WALWORTH.
Going Home!
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The average New York hotel man resorts indignantly to charges of profiteering and price-gouging. I would like an explanation of this. Corn on the cob was ordered at a Broadway hotel restaurant a night or two ago. The waitress was asked to cut it from the cob. An extra charge of 10 cents per ear was made for the service. You paid your tip for service just the same. I imagine that if you were in order made for having these ordered by the waiter. We New Yorkers are easy marks.

Surrounded by Water

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



"Back to the Kitchen"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Girl Domestic vs. the Office Stenographer

THERE are constant cries as to the scarcity of servants and the daily growth of this problem without seeming answer.

Meetings and articles are incessantly noted bearing on the question, and the great "boogaboo" seems to be the fear that somebody is going to be forced "back to the kitchen."

Why not "forward to the kitchen?" What is there about the kitchen that makes one feel they go "back" when they go to work in it?

Why this seeming repulsion? What part has prosperity played to cause those most fitted for this form of work to seek new fields with less fruitfulness?

Let us see.
The average worker in the home to-day earns more than the average office girl. If you don't believe it consult the employment agencies and the "want" bureaus.

The day worker, as a general principle, earns \$2.50 a day, or \$15 a week, with some meals.

Take the average domestic at even the rates of \$40 or \$50 per month. This includes a similar amount of \$40 or \$50 a month which she would have to pay if she were not working, and the sum she actually earns with her "board and keep" equals approximately \$90 to \$100 a month.

The average stenographer does not make \$50 to \$100 a month. There are thousands of stenographers working in offices to-day at \$15 per week who have had several years' experience, and have had to work themselves up in order to get this amount.

And yet the ordinary worker in the home can get a job most any day and step right in at an equivalent of \$100, and with no knowledge of that particular household at all.

Besides, what is more noble than to go into a home and play a big part in keeping that home healthy and happy? For that is what a good servant does.

Since when has labor, especially in the greatest of all pursuits, that of preserving life, become blackened in the estimation of many of those who have the faculty of doing this work better than any other?

The trouble with it all is a few

words, has been that in the past some overbearing and inconsiderate employers have made life a burden to those who have come into the home as helpers.

And, on the other hand, many workers have had a distorted view that their each place has been only a temporary proposition and the least she or he could do in the home the better off they were.

In a word, they were cheating each other. But to-day the whole thing is different. The lack of workers has made it necessary for the arrogant employer to take himself or herself to task, and things are much easier for labor in the home.

The average home, especially in a great city like New York, is equipped with the most modern and sanitary improvements, and "light housekeeping" means just what it implies.

There are thousands of splendid homes. There are thousands of fine people who believe in the "live-and-let-live" spirit. The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been answered in the affirmative. The war has done its fine work in this connection.

What, then, is there to fear? Instead of deprecating the important feature of promoting life, let us demonstrate its good point.

Why not the doctrine of "do" instead of "don't?" Also there is a great, big human side to it all. The offices are crowded with young women who do not earn as much as the average maid in the home.

These young women come out of offices into married life with little or no knowledge of what home-making means. They have to go through experiences that give them many a hard knock.

Children are born into the world and young mothers don't know how to care for them.

And for what? Just because the kitchen and home work have been regarded as an inferior post.

In this day and age all labor has assumed an elevated plane. It will never go back. The dignity of labor wherever it is found will need be maintained.

Besides, let the individual reflect on it all herself or himself. If your money is earned honestly and you have given good service for it, what better satisfaction than this?

Like yesterday I talked with a

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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SOME husbands are almost as hard to make "stay put" as the Crown Prince of Germany.



When a girl marries she considers that she has a "corner" on all a man's affections; afterward she may sometimes wonder which corner.

A man always thinks he understands what a woman means until he discovers that she means exactly what she says. Then he gets all mixed up.

Alas, if a girl is easily kissed, it is apt to put an end to all a man's intentions—and if she isn't it is apt to put an end to all his attentions!

It will be awfully interesting to find out what the average musical comedy "beauty" will look like to the T. B. M. when he sees her in the cold, clear light of an iced sarsaparilla instead of through the roseate haze of his after dinner liqueur.

Flattery is like wine, which exhilarates a man for a moment, but usually ends by going to his head and making him act foolish.

Why call a tentative engagement an "understanding," when the understanding never really comes, until the divorce?

TO OMAR KHAYYAM.

Farewell, old Omar!

Your glories are through!

For the lips that sip sundaes

Shall never quote YOU!

A bachelor has an ingrowing suspicion that every woman who smiles on him is trying to lure him into matrimony—a married man, that every woman who smiles at him is trying to lure him out of it.

The Steamship Great Eastern

THE huge steamship Great Eastern, the launching alone costing \$300,000. After several unremunerative trips to New York she was employed as a troopship and then as a cable-laying vessel. Various attempts were afterward made to utilize her, but at last she came to be a mere holiday spectacle, and in 1888 she was broken up. Experts declared that the experience with the Great Eastern conclusively proved that such gigantic steamships were failures. The length of the Great Eastern was 680 feet, while the Mauretania and Lusitania were each 790 feet; the Olympic, sister ship of the lost Titanic, 852 feet, and the Imperator 900 feet. In a paper read before the International Navigation Congress, held in 1912, it was predicted by a Dutch expert that ships 1,500 feet in length would be seen within a few years. Events, however, have not vindicated this prophecy.

Woman who has lived in one family for twenty-five years—she and her husband. They have reared a family of sons and daughters—a credit to them. And in telling how splendidly each of them was doing, she said:

"As I look back on it, I have nothing to regret. We have worked hard, but we are as well off as many people who have changed hundreds of places. We have been comfortable and happy and we have done good work."

The status of the servant has changed. As a general proposition, the truth of well being is "forward to the kitchen." Instead of "back."

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 54.—CYRUS THE GREAT: The Model for World Conquerors.



He began life under sentence of death. His grandfather, Astyages, the King of Media, feared lest the youth should one day overthrow him, and Astyages turned the baby Cyrus over to a nobleman named Harpagus to kill. Harpagus was soft hearted, and hid the child, bringing him up in seclusion. When Astyages discovered this he punished the act of disobedience by putting to death the only son of Harpagus with hideous tortures. But, through some whim, he allowed young Cyrus to live, and sent him to Persia.

Harpagus went to Persia with the lad. The old nobleman's heart was broken by the death of his own son, and he resolved to use Cyrus as an instrument of revenge upon Astyages.

Persia at that time was a mere dependency of Media. Into Cyrus's ambitious young brain Harpagus instilled the notion of ruling Persia. He showed him how this might be done.

Between them the two plotters stirred up a fierce rebellion among the Persians against the hated Medes. Cyrus placed himself at the head of the rebel army. It was his first chance to make good on his ambition of conquest.

Astyages, at the head of a mighty Mede army, hurried to Persia to crush the revolt and to kill both Cyrus and Harpagus. He fulfilled neither of these ambitious schemes. Thanks to a trick, planned by Harpagus, a large part of the Mede army was betrayed into Cyrus's hands. And Cyrus, in one fierce battle, annihilated the rest of the Medes and captured Astyages. At a blow he had set Persia free of the Mede yoke and had made himself King.

Cyrus did not put old Astyages to death. Instead, he made him a slave and forced the fallen old monarch to wait upon him and upon Harpagus. By 556 B. C. Cyrus was thus the ruler of both Persia and Media, and the ease of these early triumphs made him eager to go on conquering. The virus of conquest had entered his brain. Yet he made no haste to carry out these dreams of his, but went on building up his own realm and governing it wisely. He might never have sought to spread his dominions if a combination had not been formed against the supposedly inexperienced young ruler by Babylon, Lydia and Egypt—the three most powerful nations in the Orient. These allies persuaded the strong military nation of Sparta to join them, and they prepared to crush Cyrus and to divide his kingdom among them.

The King of Lydia marched to the invasion of Persia while his allies were still mobilizing. The King of the Lydians was said to be the richest man on earth. His name was Croesus—which, ever since, has become a byword for vast wealth. Croesus was a better wealth-hoarder than a General; for, in a single campaign, Cyrus overthrew him and seized his kingdom.

Then, without waiting to be attacked by the rest of the allies, Cyrus assailed them each in turn. Within a very few years he had conquered them all. He was master of Babylon and Egypt and had overrun Sparta and thrashed one or two minor nations which had joined the allies.

By 538 B. C. he bestowed upon himself the modest title of "Lord of Babylon and King of the World."

But he was not yet satisfied. Although all the great nations admitted his sway, there were certain savage tribes and principalities which still declared themselves free, and Cyrus resolved to wipe these out of existence or else bend them to his will.

In battle with one such tribe Cyrus, as was his habit, fought in the foremost rank. And there, in the moment of victory, he was slain.

It was an ignominious ending for a man who had justified his title of "King of the World." And it was also a warning to all would-be world-conquerors—a warning which few of them have had the common sense to follow.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Go Slumming Amid Saddening Splendors and Catch the Mob Spirit.

BEING visitors at the Stryvers' before those opulent friends departed for their summer place on the lake, Mr. and Mrs. Jarr sat on the luxurious divans in the gloomy, subdued, colored lights of the Stryvers' depressing Turkish smoking room.

Mr. and Mrs. Stryver seemed in the shadow of all their depressing opulence, too.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," said Mr. Stryver, as the conversation rambled on. "After the war and waste, peace comes and yet it seems there's nothing but Bolshevism, Anarchy and mob spirit abroad. The distrust for men of affairs and fiduciary concerns in general is deep and widespread."

"It's these demagogues and Parlor Bolshevists who have done it! We'll have mob rule next as they tried in Russia and as they tried in Winnipeg! Yes, sir! Mob rule!" declared Mr. Stryver, shaking his hand down upon a divan cushion.

"The distrust is so general," continued Mr. Stryver, "that down in Wall Street it is a case of dog-eat-dog among the professional traders. Even though we are having a temporary bull market and the lambs are, for the time being, at least, rushing in to be skinned—ahem! I should say the investing public regards the stock market with confidence—but these Bolshevists would rob the business man, destroy the commercial and financial interests and play hob generally!"

"Oh, nothing like that will happen, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Jarr. He wasn't much worried whether it did or not, so far as Mr. Stryver and Wall Street were concerned; anyway, Mr. Stryver was one of his most disliked friends and, anyway, whenever Mr. Jarr poked in the stock market he was always lost.

"Ah, I doubt it, I doubt it," said Mr. Stryver gloomily. "What can we do with the Russian Bonds that are now in default? It used to be I could go to my lawyer and say, 'Can I do this and get away with it?' And my lawyer would say, 'You cannot, but I can take care of you if you do.' Then he charged me a high price for his opinion, but as it came out of the profits, that did not matter. But what can we do about our Russian bonds—whom, for instance, can I unload mine on?"

"And," Mrs. Stryver was saying to Mrs. Jarr, "after paying that man that price for an exclusive Paris Longchamps model—exclusive, mind you—I found he had sold the identical

gown and mantle to Clara Mudridge-Smith and that horrid Von Hilber woman, and I don't know how many others, and yet, what could I say to him? If one says the least word to him he refuses to make a dress for you at all. One is positively at that man's mercy!"

Mrs. Jarr had had no experience of the tyrannies exercised by fashionable male, or supposedly male, dress-makers, but she shook her head in affected sympathy and said she knew just how it was.

"I go to my lawyer now," Mr. Stryver droned on to Mr. Jarr, "and I say, 'Can I float this oil proposition in Patagonia on the strength of knowing a firm that has an engineer examining properties down there for them?' And my lawyer says, 'You cannot, and if you do not want to get in a jam with the District Attorney, like the head of the Robb M. Wright Company, Incorporated, did, you'd better not try it!' And I have to pay him for that opinion! And as there is no legal protection at all for a financier and as one has no sense of security in the laws that used to protect him, I have to pay the fee out of my own pocket. We are ruled now by demagogues, yes, sir, demagogues, as it is! And I look for widespread lawlessness because, sir, it is the fashion to pander to the mob and girl at men of finance!"

Mr. Jarr thought of the work that waited him, day after day, and the small salary that was paid him for his efforts at the end of each week. But he had to be polite. So he said that he also expected the demagogues would get us all if we didn't watch out.

"It's enough to make a man cuss in and go abroad to live," said Mr. Stryver. "If there was any place to live abroad where the income tax wasn't confiscatory!"

"And I do believe that the children of the working classes deliberately throw themselves in front of one's automobile so their parents may sue for excessive damages in case anything happens their unwashed offspring."

"Why," was an over a boy and, although the child was not hurt, he threw stones after us and broke a window on my limousine!" added Mr. Stryver, who had overheard this. "A threatening mob had gathered. Fortunately I carry damage and liability insurance, but we can insure against mob rule?"

On the way home Mr. Jarr asked his good lady if she didn't pity the